

The Eternal

by diopann

Category: JoJo's Bizarre Adventure

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Characters: Dio B., E. Pucci

Pairings: E. Pucci/Dio B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 00:23:57

Updated: 2016-04-14 00:23:57

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:29:44

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,736

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Narcissistic, to gaze upon one's figure during penance, to feel pride in one's own sanctity. Narcissistic, too, to mortify the flesh without spiritual guidance by a superior.

The Eternal

i would like to try your charity
>until you cry, 'now you must try my greed.'

and everything depends upon
>how close you sleep to me<p>

Spiderwebs swayed in the library, rocked by gusts of desert wind coming in through the window. The pages on Pucci's book flapped. He would've liked to stop them but the wrist of his free hand was in Dio's hold. Long nails scraped at the veins, bulged where the palm started. Dio's book laid forgotten at his feet, pages lapping up the blood his glass spilled over the concrete floor. He knelt in front of Pucci who sat in the biggest chair, playing with the thinness of skin, taut at the wrist, tested its endurance.

When Pucci crossed his legs again, Dio took it as cue to start nibbling softly at the flesh, his fangs flashing like a warning.

>'That's enough.'

'Is it?'
>Pucci nodded, holding Dio's half-lidded stare like he had the upper hand.
The cocked eyebrow on Dio's face a perfect arch, symmetry of rough metal cutting into stained glass on some church's vitrail: the Annunciation, Our Lady floating in Chagall's window, the Temptation of Christ.

'My first year in seminary,' Pucci closed his eyes, 'I went out into the cloister to read after breakfast. I was alone'â€"Dio's eyes traced the shape of his lips, the curvature of his neck, the rise and fall of his swallowingâ€" 'I found there by the fountain a boy, years

ahead of me in the seminar, resting in the grass under the sun. His feet were bare, tangled in weeds, covered in dirt. It must've felt so good I thought, to give into that touch, blades of grass, wet dirt'â€"Dio's nails traced the rise of his leg, sharp enough to cut through the fabric, the skin, but not yetâ€"that was forbidden to us. I thought all this before I noticed the blood, his arm bent in an unnatural way, his skull cracked open'â€"Dio's eyes on his now open, behind long lashesâ€"He'd jumped from the roof. Father McKenzie left the following year.'

Dio retreated his hands back to himself and he sat on the blood. Long nails clicked rhythmically against the floor, sound echoing through the empty rooms.

>'Why are you telling me this?'
'No reason.'

>'Cunning, aren't you?'
'I meant nothing by it.'

>Eyebrows no longer cocked, but still perfectly arched. Metal cutting into images of pious saints. Tainted glass.<p>

Someone would give in sooner or later and they had their bets placed on the other. Gambling is a temptation as well; gambling with one is double.

Dio rose to his feet gracefully, his exposed back sharp ogee, perfect line of beauty, and licked his lips. He was six the first time he tasted his own blood. Dario pushed him out of the way to get at her and he wasn't capable of anything except wonder what he tasted when his face crashed into the door of the cabinet. Like rust, as if he'd swallowed a coin held by a sweaty palm. He'd tasted Jojo's blood long before everything came to pass, too, licked it off his own knuckles after burying them in Jojo's face, cutting lip against teeth. That was a rush, too, but nothing like this.

Pucci watched him go, his careful steps, his swaying hips, and the cold air from the window ran like a shiver right down his spine.

>'That's enough,' Pucci's voice echoed through the empty room.<p>

When he walked out of it his shoes trailed red with them. He only noticed inside his room, seeing the mosaic tiles bear spots of blood. This was after he removed his pants and stood in front of the mirror; after he fastened the three-link metal cilices around his upper thighs and felt them in place, right knee slightly bent, sharp metal teeth digging into soft flesh. He saw the spots then and lifted his gaze to find himself: in the mirror, himself as if wearing garters, superimposed on an image he once found in a magazine, laced stockings, soft elastic pressing into flesh delicately.

That thought wouldn't do. He bent his knees further, teeth dug deeper. Dio's teeth would surely draw blood, blooming red petals dripping from lip-like wounds that his tongue would trace, rough and wet. They would surely not feel this way, even if painful still.

This wouldn't do at all, he thought, carefully averting his gaze from the reflection in the mirror and putting the pants back on, cilices in place underneath. Inside the drawer his burlap shirt stood out in contrast to the clothes Dio got him, ones he rejected for their value, their colours, their cuts, but kept still, took them with him whenever he visited. He left the riding crop untouched, the shirt

would be enough.

On the inside of the burlap shirt Pucci embroidered 'Noli me tangere' in twine, so the rough threads would rub against his chest. He did this after Dio went to the States last, when he ran his hand over Pucci's thigh while they sat discussing stands, when he wrapped his fingers around Pucci's neck, face far too close, smirk suddenly a snarl once told it was enough, then back again a smile, when he caressed Pucci's cheek with the back of his fingers, murmured a soft apology inaudibly. Pucci had needed to embroider the words in the roughest twine he could find.

The feel of the shirt against the skin was uncomfortable, maybe more so than the cilice because it was everywhere at once. Abrasive, chafing, and suffocating if he put the sweater on over it, but it worked. If Dio didn't call on him, he'd wear it for two, three hours. His skin would redden, his flesh unresisting to penance. If he withstood this then things would be as they should. Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. When he turned away from his drawer he was able to face his reflection again, even his healed foot.

Narcissistic, to gaze upon one's figure during penance, to feel pride in one's own sanctity. Narcissistic, too, to mortify the flesh without spiritual guidance by a superior. But did he really know any who could guide him? Anyone superior in matters of the spirit? Had he ever? He'd been touched by Dio, that was enough. Closeness to Him was awarded far beyond anything he could learn at the seminary. But not quite, not yet.

He moved about his room and felt the quiet discomfort of his body growing while the feel of Dio's hands, nails, eyes, mouth on his skin subsided. In the mirror, the ghost of Dio's hands left his hips, his thighs, his chest, his waist; his breath disappeared from Pucci's nape. All that remained was his flesh free of concupiscence, his hands where Dio's could've been, his lips parted open, and sweat on his brow.

A path of blood marking Pucci's walk, feet close together, led to his locked door. Dio stood outside it licking off his fingers blood drawn from the neck of one of the young men that came from Alexandria and pretended to be Antinous. If the door was locked he'd do best to wait, he thought licking his lips, the tips of his fangs.

Mortal yearning and endless longing seemed so faraway, buried deep in hazy memories, erased by waves crashing against his claustrophobic loneliness, rocked by the distant days when all his ambitions were the Joestar's fortune, some kind of career in law, and uncontrollable urges to destroy all that surrounded him. Not just Jojo's life and his happiness, but their opponents in the field, old boys he wanted to kick over and over: until their noses cracked, ran with snot and blood; until his own feet, his own knuckles ached, skin torn open so violently maybe he'd see bone; until Jojo held him back and he shook him off disgustedly, turned around, and in his eyes the warning that Jojo was next, that he was only saved because they shared a team. Perhaps he'd been no different, replacing one longing for the other, back then, when his flesh was mortal and he yearned for things under Heaven.

The first thing he saw when he opened the door was The World.

Time stood still inside the mansion, trapped in the bizarre architecture of Kenny G's stand. Days and weeks passed overnight, months stretched out in periods of an hour. The World walked the halls, haunting his territory, his place outside history.

When he first visited, Pucci carried Perla's disc with him and got the answers he sought, the truth to this world and the next. He understood Gravity, understood Love, the one which moves the sun and the other stars, the one Our Lord came to Earth to spread. He understood Fate that chose him, that brought him to Dio and brought Dio to his time and Time to Dio. He had no need for penance then, but he returned home and made the burlap shirt, his sewing hand trembling with Dio's breath on his bare shoulders, with Dio's nails scraping the seams of his pants' zipper, with Dio's hand squeezing his hips.

With time, visits exchanged, he added means of penance. Two weeks spent in an apartment in Italy brought about the second cilice. Dio drew a bath for him after a long discussion, as reconciliation maybe, for Dio had asked 'Have you considered that Christ is against all which you hold dear?' after Pucci insisted the Theology of Liberation was blasphemous, the work of Latin American marxism. The bath was a peace offering, then, in its warm waters flower petals floated, infused by eastern salts. Pucci slipped into the waters and into unconsciousness slowly; he didn't notice Dio's nails emerging from the steamy mist to scrape his skull, but guessed them when he woke shivering despite the hot water. Startled, he latched his palm onto Dio's thigh, perched on the tub's edge, and watched teeth shine on a shadowed face. It was only a second but he felt about to give in when Dio leaned closer, his hand on Pucci's nape, towards his lips. Only a second, maybe more if Dio hadn't done so to whisper in his ear, 'Do you fear me for no reason?'

After placing the riding crop inside his drawer with the shirt, the first thing he saw when he opened the door to his room was The World. His was the flesh. Then who was the Devil? But they were in the middle of the desert, so it could not be them.

>'Does he need me?'
The World nodded, guided Pucci to Dio with a hand that couldn't be felt placed between his shoulder blades.

Lying on his large bed, Dio watched Purple Rain, glass on his hand, humming along to "The Beautiful Ones". Pucci lied down next to him, urged on by The World, and glanced over Dio's bare chest, then towards the screen.

>'Weren't you watching this the day I arrived?'
'I have Dirty Dancing, too. And Better Off Dead.'

>'This is fine.'<p>

It took Pucci about two scenes to roll on his side, his back to Dio, and lazily drag his eyes over images and words on a magazine Dio had discarded, pages torn and wet.

His sweater rode up revealing the beginning of red streaks so Dio pushed its edges upwards distractedly, discovering four straight lines of abused skin, tracks almost like crosses etched on his dark skin in crimson. He traced lightly, almost innocently, with the pads of his fingertips.

'Is this necessary?'

>Pucci didn't shy away from the touch and he didn't turn to face Dio.
'Some things should be renounced.'
>'You believe that, but you used to believe death comes for everyone,' Dio scooted closer, rolled on his side behind Pucci.
'It's not the same. Life and death of the body are the same state from different angles, the soul is immortal.'
>'Is it? What about resurrection of the flesh? Will Jojo and I have to share this body, then?' his breath should brush gently against Pucci's ear, but not close enough yet.
'No, two souls cannot share one body. You might have your own, or he might receive a new one. It'll be so for those whose bodies are lost, too.'

Dio ventured his hand further up, to the top of Pucci's spine, now preoccupied with his bones and not the markings of penance. He alternated between the softness of his fingers and the sharpness of his nails to caress the skin all way down to where the curve of Pucci's bottom was born, hidden under his pants.
>'What of mystics?' his long index nail traced the outline of Pucci's bottom, his thigh.
'What of them?'
>'When they marry Christ, their ecstasy, isn't it physical?'
Pucci's reply was caught in his throat, because Dio's body was pressed flush against his back, nails raking circles on his chest, sweater rolled up to his shoulders.
>'Should they be punished?' Dio tried again, close enough now. 'Should I?' His hand trailing up Pucci's neck, his jaw, index and middle finger pushing at his parted lips, urged on by Pucci's gasps.
'Mystical ecstasy is internal,' his voice steady, breathy and rich but unwavering, tongue brushing Dio's fingers. 'There's no external influence.'

The pressure of Dio's hands ceased abruptly. He posed one idly on Pucci's thigh, the other held his chest lazily.
>'From inside, huh?'
'Yes.' Pucci gasped a couple more times. He'd have to think of something else now. None of what he had would be enough. Another cilice, perhaps, a nine-tailed whip, sustained kneeling, something, something else... 'And soâ€¦|'

Dio could feel Pucci's heart settling down, the flow of his blood decelerating, his breath evening. He could feel his own pull towards Pucci softening, and he waited for words that didn't come. The movie ended, the cassette rewinded automatically, started back up again, and still they remained, Dio pressed to Pucci's back, their breaths synched, their pulses low.
>'And so?' he whispered finally.
'And so,' Pucci spoke in words sticky with slumber, 'in timeâ€¦| in time I'll reach the place where the inside can accept the outside, in time... Love is to be One. With God. In time.'
>'You mean Heaven?' Dio asked after two seconds, not more. But maybe his voice was too low for a human ear. Maybe he should repeat himself, because Pucci's body gave every indication of having fallen asleep in his hold. Maybe he should start all over again, running hands and lips like bloodied open wounds on every inch of Pucci's neglected flesh, tearing teeth and soothing tongue. He stopped time for two seconds, not more, to consider, but stayed still, not fighting friction, until it resumed.<p>

As if he knew, Pucci spoke then, his tone as low as Dio's, no real indication that he was awake: 'Yes.'

Playful smile on his lips, Dio didn't move an inch, made no sound.

'I'll be waiting,' he didn't say, but he would be. And maybe Pucci knew.

* * *

><p>n.b.
done as a commission for bloof (lorddio on tumblr) in february
>pls commission me if u can lol it's thanks to me this website has a pucci tag<p>

dio saying 'do you fear me for no reason?' is a reference to the book of job, when satan basically tempts god into testing his most loyal subject

>'the world, the flesh, and the devil' are considered to be the three temptations for men in theology; pucci is thinking abt that when he thinks abt the world
christ's temptation by the devil took place in the desert, basically pucci's putting himself & dio in christ's place bc they're in egypt

>'every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour' is from corinthians<p>

End
file.